

THE DOWN-FALL OF THE ARK.

OR, THE
MORNING-EXERCISE
AT AN END.

AND now the *Ark* is falling is there ne'r
An *Uzza* left, of so many that dare
Lend an obsequious hand, or hath of late
The *London* Clergy met with *Ely's* Fate ?

Where is the *Dapper Hero* ? where is he
That danc'd before the *Ark* so merrily
But tother day, or doth he not resent
The *Ark*, that did defend the *Covenant* ?
Say are the *Presbyterian* Champions fled ?
Is sturdy *Vines*, and thundering *Marshall* dead ?
Or do they now desert their Cause, or be
They (with *Cornelius* and his Company)
Cashier'd, exploded, and disbanded all ?
What ne'r a *Rendezvouz* Provincial ?
Go knock at *Sion* Colledge, ask for *Mun*,
See what's become of Good old *Simeon*,
And weeping *Jeremy*, than search the Signs
For *Spurston*, *Jackson*, and the Club Divines,
Tell'em the *Ark* is falling, and will be
'Thout their Assistance lost eternally.
Time was my Masters you could draw a sword,
Beat Drums, sound Trumpets, and then fall aboard
The Enemy, mount the next Pulpit thence,
Curse *Meros* for his sloth and negligence,
Stand stily to the Cause, never give o'er,
Witnesse your Brother *Asb* at *Marsenmore*.
Time was when you could fight with lips & hands,
Could turn your Classes into Trained Bands,
Thence, go a trouting to the neighbouring Towns,
For swords and gantlets, barter Scarfes and Gowns,
Court places of Command, swop brags for steel,
Make *Rabbin* leave his Plow and *Jug* her wheel,
Ferret out of their holes each Mothers son
On the strict pennance of damnation ;
But now the *Ark* is falling, now the vile
And fordid Rabel threaten to dispoil
Her of each sacred Gem and ornament,
The Rod for *Aaron* and the *Covenant* ;
The pot of Money, and the golden Rings,
The Bowls, the Spoons, the Lamps and other things
She justly claims as hers, and only be
The Monuments of pristine Charity ;
Now that the swearing and debauched spark
Vow's that He'll make a *Dagon* of the *Ark*,
Hew it to pieces, not a shred or bit,
Nor the least Attome shall remain of it ;
But every fragment of it shall be thrown
Into the deep gulf of Oblivion ;
How can you hold your peace and not expresse
A Cruelty great as the Wickednesse ?
Methinks I hear the Eccho of your Cry,
O use the *Ark* not so inhumanely !
What fault, what fact, what mischief hath it done,
'Twas never friend to superstition,
Or sacrilege, though some ally'd to Hell
Avouch the *Ark* rose as the Temple fell ?
Saw but you how the scoffing multitude
Deride the *Ark*, in what a scurvy rude

Manner they treat the Exercise, you could
Not possibly be silent though you would.
Saith one, (and than he smiles) it was my Fate
To meet the *Ark* last week at *Cripplegate* ;
Then 'twent upon its last legs, tother day
'Twas bury'd at *Sepulchres* others say,
It had been so indeed a third Replies,
But that some did deny it Obsequies
And Sepulture, deeming it fitter that
It should be brought forth to the City gate
There to expire its last, and die, for so
Notorious Malefactors use to doe.
A fourth will break a jest, he therefore cries
Pish 'twas *Tradiskins* Ark of Novelties !
A fift steps in and swear's that it was one
Of the grand seedplots of Rebellion,
The *Trojan* Horse out of whose fatal side
Cohorts of armed Men did lately slide,
That did molest, indanger, and annoy
The *Brittish* Kingdoms, and our *English* Troy.
Good Lord how many men have left their wives
Their pretty babies, ventured their lives !
Taught by the *Ark* that they must both dispense
With Life and Liberty for Conscience
And purity, I can remember wel
The *Ark* was than the *London* Oracle.
How have I seen the hasty Prentise fling
His Apron off, the Brewer leave his sling ;
The Shoemaker his *All*, his wife and friend
Forfake his *Last* perhaps to find his End ;
Weavers their Shuttles break, the Dyers vow
They'll trade in none but scarlet colours now ;
The Merchant pisheth at such civil strife,
Scorns now a lesser Venture than his Life ;
All sorts and ranks of men wil now begon,
Each doth desert his Occupation.
Thus was our *Ark* for the first seven years
Not carried upon staves, but swords and spears.
In comes the last, but more ingeniously,
Now that the waters are asswag'd saith he,
Now that the hills and mountains gin to peep
Out of the bosome of the silent deep ;
And shew themselves, now that the Royal Dove
Hath brought an Olive branch of peace and Love,
Vow's that he wil have every petty crime
And injury drown'd in the sea of Time,
O Let us all (from first and last conclude
(In token of our joy and gratitude,)
To split the *Ark* to pieces, may it ne'r stand
A Monument of Gods revenging hand,
And our Offences, or if 'ts worth our pains,
Let us build Altars out of its remains,
Where with devotion and solemnities,
Offer we Loyal hearts in sacrifice !